

The Pickens Sentinel says that the negroes in that section have the Arkansas fever, and it is probable that quite a number will try their fortunes in that State. That is all right. With our improved agricultural machinery we can spare a good many of them without serious damage. It is, however, likely that when they get out there their fever will be speedily converted into chills.

The City of Greenville has sent Col. James L. Orr to Washington to urge before Congress the passage of the bill to erect a United States Court House in that City. It is understood that Col. Evans will not be a candidate for re-election to Congress, and Greenville could not do better than secure Col. Orr's election from the Fourth District to represent her for several terms in Washington.

It is all very pleasant to see different gentlemen over the State complimented with nominations for Governor, but it is apparent that Governor Thompson will be renominated this year without opposition. He was elected two years ago without seeking the office, and has made an acceptable Executive. His renomination is a foregone conclusion before the Convention meets, and therefore it is not likely that any other name will be presented.

General R. F. Butler is said to be carefully beveling the edges of his presidential boom now that he has leisure in consequence of his defeat for Governor of Massachusetts. He is said to be carefully laying the wires for a full New England delegation to the Democratic National Convention. General Butler is fortunate in being able to find his presidential boom to bevel, for the average citizen of the country at large can see no indication of its existence. The Democratic party may be defeated this year, but it is not probable that it will deliberately commit suicide by nominating Benjamin Franklin Butler for President.

Judge Kershaw has decided that the goose is a domestic animal within the meaning of the stock law, and must be kept by the owner off of other people's land the same as stock. The decision is correct according to Webster's definition of the word animal, and if sustained as good law would doubtless be beneficial to many citizens. It would, of necessity, extend to all domestic fowls. It is hardly probable, however, that this construction will prevail, for the evident purpose of the Act was to require persons to fence up stock, which planters were formerly required to fence out, and not to include a class which are not named in the Act, and which cannot be fenced. Still, the decision shows the tendency of the times, and if the Courts do not extend the Act to fowls the Legislature may.

The Greenville News endorses the nomination of Col. W. H. Perry for Governor, and urges his claims as a representative of the anti-railroad sentiment of the State. Col. W. H. Perry opposed the modification of the railroad law, and would be a very competent and proper representative of that side of the question, but we apprehend the reception of the State has already put a quietus on the proposition to make a railroad and anti-railroad fight in our State canvass this year. So far as we have seen, not a single paper has joined the News in wishing such a canvass. Col. Perry is an excellent gentleman, but his time has not yet come to be Governor, and unless his friends find something better than his opposition to the new railroad law to advocate his promotion upon, his time will never come. It is not so much what men are opposed to as what they are in favor of, that interests the people. The day of negatives is over. This is a plain, practical, progressive age, in which people demand that their officials shall represent some progressive principle. We should, at some future time, be pleased to see Col. Perry promoted; but just now he strikes us as being a little untimely in the ground upon which his local paper advocates his nomination. If they want to see him, or any other man, distanced in this race, let them enter him upon a platform in favor of a restoration of rate-making power to the Railroad Commission.

The Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist does not seem to think the modification of the Georgia Railroad Commission Law would be of order in this State. It mentions an instance to back up its opinion and comments as follows: Of three trustees of a large English estate two reside in Great Britain and one in Georgia. The estate amounts to \$1,000,000. Recently it became necessary to change some English law, and the trustees of the estate across the water asked their Georgia associate to look out for the placing of the sum of \$600,000 in Southern securities. The Georgia trustee could not advise that the money be invested here, but, on the contrary, counseled his colleagues to change to England the \$600,000 already invested in Georgia railway securities. The reason assigned for this large diversion of capital was the uncertainty of legislation in the State that finds expression in the Railway Commission. This is the latest illustration of the folly of that law and it will have only too many imitations. Georgia wants many more railways than she now possesses to be properly developed; but the chances are that rather than the North nor from Europe will she ever get another dollar while the present arbitrary and dictatorial Commission has its claws in the throat of the people.

There are a great many young groves just coming into bearing that will soon prove very profitable to the owners. I am told the business yet is in its infancy; that in South Florida it has assumed huge proportions, that hundreds of acres can be seen in one field with trees, and bearing. Lands there, especially on rivers and railroads, have gone up in price out of all reason. And so enthusiastic are the people there on orange culture that they are said to have the orange craze. Such cannot be said of the people here. They are a farming people; they raise almost every thing but wheat, and while the orange is really more profitable than any other production, yet they make it a secondary consideration. Still, more and more atten-

tion is paid to the growing of the orange every year, and no doubt it will prove in the near future the great staple of Florida. I have asked the people here if they did not think that after awhile oranges would be so cheap as not to pay for their raising and shipping? They say not, and argue in this way: that it is only a comparatively small part of Florida that will produce oranges—perhaps not more than one-third; that a great deal of the State, like West Florida and much of Middle Florida, is not at all adapted to their growth, and therefore cannot be cultivated there successfully; that much of the State is flat, much of it covered with swamps, and much of it has a "hard pan" through which the roots cannot penetrate, and the tree in this kind of soil takes what is called the "die back" and they say that Florida at present produces only fifty millions of oranges annually, while six hundred millions are imported into the United States from Southern Europe and the islands of the sea. And if people in Europe can find it profitable to send their fruit three and four thousand miles to market, the people of Florida can certainly find it profitable here at home. They have many plausible arguments for the orange.

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A Farmer's Railroad Views.

MR. EDITOR: I see that we have a chance of petitioning for an additional subscription for the completion of the Savannah Valley Railroad, and I think we, as the owners of real estate, should not lose any time in the work, for if there is anything that Anderson is needing more than anything else, it must be this railroad. Now, brother farmers, I know that there are some of you opposed to building this road by taxation, and I am opposed to building railroads by taxation, but I think this road is an exception. In the first place, we have paid nearly three-fourths of our tax, and should not now lose the road rather than pay the other fourth. None of us deny that it will naturally reduce freights, make a better market, and greatly enhance the value of our property. But this is not half. We have lived long enough to know that one improvement naturally calls for another, and when we get this road we will be almost sure to build a factory, which would be one of the greatest benefits to Anderson and the surrounding country that could occur. If we hesitate and lose time, there will be other railroads built near us, and then if we do build our road it will not do near so much good for us as it will do now. We claim our County to be one of the leading Counties of the State, but if we let such opportunities as this pass we will not be considered so long. I think it is our duty to the rising generation and to our country to improve it, and not lag behind other communities. It is not the man that looks behind that succeeds, but it is the man that looks forward. The South has been looked down upon since the war as being very stupid, but I think we have not had justice, for we have done remarkably well, considering the disasters of the war. We claim to be a growing country, and I think we have just fairly started. The South is almost sure to be the leading portion of the Union in a few years. It is talked of far and near, and this has brought the amount of capital that has been invested in South Carolina in the last few years in factories, &c.

This is our time to advance the interests of Anderson County, and unless we make use of it we will lose by our neglect. I do hope that every owner of real estate will look carefully into this matter and study it thoroughly. The building of this railroad will give us a better market for our timber, our produce—such as corn, fodder, beef, butter, &c.—and we can ship our cotton and wool to market, and save money out of our crops than we can do now. It will pay us well to build the Savannah Valley Railroad.

A FARMER.

Letter from Florida. MR. EDITOR: In my last letter I promised to tell you and your readers something of the fruits that are grown here, and I will commence with the SHADDOCK, which is the largest species of the citrus family. It is bell-shaped somewhat, is yellow like an orange, but has nothing of its taste. They grow very large, weighing sometimes three pounds—three times as large as the largest orange. They are very acid, and are not eatable. Preserves are made of them and wine. They are beautiful to look at as they hang upon the trees. The trees are, in every respect, like the orange.

GRAPE FRUIT is also very large, and in color a pale yellow. They are not so large as the shaddock, but nearly so. I am told they make splendid preserves. They are too acid to eat until late in Spring, and then they are said to be delicious. The fruit is in sections, like an orange; these sections are split open and sugar sprinkled over them, and some contend that eaten in this way they are equal to the orange. They are called grape fruit, not for their resemblance to the grape, but because they grow in clusters like grape. Sometimes fourteen or fifteen are seen clinging to one little stem not as large as the little finger. The tree that produces them is almost entirely like the orange.

THE ORANGE is the king of fruits, and great attention is paid to their cultivation. It is amazing how long the people of this county have slept over their interests. It is only within a few years past that the people have paid any attention to this, the choicest of all fruits. For 30 years, this county has been settled, and yet in passing along through it one sees only young groves, except occasionally a few mammoth trees are seen, that were planted many years ago around the houses for ornament, more than for their profit. What princely fortunes might these old settlers now possess if they had planted out trees instead of corn and cotton. But the people are beginning to see that there is money in the orange, and considerable attention is now paid to its cultivation. How beautiful they look on the trees, the bright, yellow fruit hanging temptingly on the tough boughs, contrasting with the rich green enamel of the leaf. I have never seen anything in the fruit line so pleasant to the eye as an orange tree laden with its rich golden fruit. And then, too, how delightful it is to the taste. The shriveled, half decayed fruit you see in the fruit stalls does not look like nor taste like the sweet, round, yellow orange which you pluck from the tree with your own hand. The largest and finest flavored orange I have ever seen are here. Many of them from actual experiment weigh over a pound.

And there are a great many young groves just coming into bearing that will soon prove very profitable to the owners. I am told the business yet is in its infancy; that in South Florida it has assumed huge proportions, that hundreds of acres can be seen in one field with trees, and bearing. Lands there, especially on rivers and railroads, have gone up in price out of all reason. And so enthusiastic are the people there on orange culture that they are said to have the orange craze. Such cannot be said of the people here. They are a farming people; they raise almost every thing but wheat, and while the orange is really more profitable than any other production, yet they make it a secondary consideration. Still, more and more atten-

THE FREE SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose it is admitted by almost every one the Free School system of this State is far from being satisfactory in its operation. Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to offer three or four suggestions which, if they could in any way be embraced in the form of amendments to the School Law, would, in my opinion, render it much more effective: 1. That the Free School Trustees of No School District should be allowed to locate any Free Common School for a shorter term than eight scholastic months, nor with a less number than twenty-five subscribed scholars. Of course, it is not expected that the free school fund would be sufficient to pay the full salary of a teacher for the term of eight months; but this fund could be supplemented by tuition fees from the employers.

2. That each School District be allowed the benefit of its own taxes paid for school purposes, to the exclusion of all others.

3. That individual subscribers to the Free Schools be credited with the money received from the Free School Fund in proportion to their subscription—e. g., if A subscribe two scholars, while B subscribes one, then let A be credited with twice the amount of Free School money on his account that B is.

4. In order that teachers may be enabled to collect their tuition fees unobstructed by homestead exemptions, let their accounts come under the head of personal labor.

M. N. MITCHELL.

MASON'S COTTON PICKER.

A Visit to the Inventor's Workshop—The Wonderful Machine Described. A recent visit to the workshop of Mr. Charles T. Mason, Jr., of this place, convinced me more than ever of the truth of the old adage, "seeing is believing." Before inspecting the "Harvester" myself, I doubted the possibility of any machine being able to discriminate between open bolls of cotton and those unopened, or partially matured. It seemed too much like human reason. But after seeing the machine with the intelligent inventor, and seeing the operation of an "Harvester" with my own eyes, I am satisfied that this machine can do all its best friends ever claimed for it.

The picking portion of Mason's harvester is composed of two cylinders or drums, made of wood and iron, into which are stuck a number of intervals things much resembling corn cobs. These corn cobs are hollow; they are made of sheet brass plates, seven in number, which are soldered together, and are about one inch wide and the length of the cob about eight inches. They are cut into numerous openings and the parts cut are not removed but are slightly inward and the ends sharpened. The things which provide the appearance of a corn cob, presents the appearance of a corn cob, with fine teeth concealed just below the surface. These cobs revolve each on its own axis (a bar of fine steel), and the drums of the drum revolve in opposite directions. The teeth of these tooth-filled cobs, are placed so near that when they (the drums) revolve the cobs pass each other. The machine is driven by a man sitting aloft, like a buggy-plough driver, and drawn by one mule or horse. As the machine rolls along the motion of the right wheel sets all the works going. The cylinder revolves, the cobs, with their depressed teeth, seize the ripe cotton and, by severing themselves, drop it into a brass container either side. An endless band, with wire teeth bent downward, takes up the lint and drops it into bags or baskets hitched on to the back of the "Harvester."

If the revolving cob comes in contact with unopened cotton it revolves harmlessly against the points of the half opened boll. If it brushes against a closed boll, even a leaf, or the most tender of the cotton plant, it does not even touch the surface. You can take the cotton in your hand and revolve it against your coat sleeve, or even against your bare arm, and it will not produce the slightest impression, not even graze the skin. But hold a bit of lint cotton close to it and it immediately seizes the lint and holds on to it until, by the action of the revolution, the cotton off the other way. The power of the machine to discriminate between ripe and unripe bolls is thus clearly demonstrated. It is a grand triumph of "mind over matter." The "Cotton Harvester" will enable the planter to pick every fibre of cotton raised at a trifling expense. Mr. Mason tells me it will gather 2500 pounds in an hour. This would be 2,500 pounds in ten hours equal to the labor of from fourteen to twenty eight cotton pickers at 50 cents to 75 cents per day! Or equal to an expenditure of \$14 for 2,500 pounds at 50 cents per hundred pounds, the usual price this country.

What it will save in the Southwest where the planter pays one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred to the cotton pickers, can not be estimated. For not only is cotton picking expensive in that part of the South, but a great number of pickers are employed for love or money, and a large portion of the crop is left to perish in the field.

Mr. Mason tells me he has an order from Col. Richardson, the largest cotton planter in the South, for several "Harvesters." He (Mason) is importing and simplifying the machine every day. The whole thing only weighs about 300 pounds, and will be still lighter before he perfects it.

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Letter from Florida. MR. EDITOR: In my last letter I promised to tell you and your readers something of the fruits that are grown here, and I will commence with the SHADDOCK, which is the largest species of the citrus family. It is bell-shaped somewhat, is yellow like an orange, but has nothing of its taste. They grow very large, weighing sometimes three pounds—three times as large as the largest orange. They are very acid, and are not eatable. Preserves are made of them and wine. They are beautiful to look at as they hang upon the trees. The trees are, in every respect, like the orange.

GRAPE FRUIT is also very large, and in color a pale yellow. They are not so large as the shaddock, but nearly so. I am told they make splendid preserves. They are too acid to eat until late in Spring, and then they are said to be delicious. The fruit is in sections, like an orange; these sections are split open and sugar sprinkled over them, and some contend that eaten in this way they are equal to the orange. They are called grape fruit, not for their resemblance to the grape, but because they grow in clusters like grape. Sometimes fourteen or fifteen are seen clinging to one little stem not as large as the little finger. The tree that produces them is almost entirely like the orange.

THE ORANGE is the king of fruits, and great attention is paid to their cultivation. It is amazing how long the people of this county have slept over their interests. It is only within a few years past that the people have paid any attention to this, the choicest of all fruits. For 30 years, this county has been settled, and yet in passing along through it one sees only young groves, except occasionally a few mammoth trees are seen, that were planted many years ago around the houses for ornament, more than for their profit. What princely fortunes might these old settlers now possess if they had planted out trees instead of corn and cotton. But the people are beginning to see that there is money in the orange, and considerable attention is now paid to its cultivation. How beautiful they look on the trees, the bright, yellow fruit hanging temptingly on the tough boughs, contrasting with the rich green enamel of the leaf. I have never seen anything in the fruit line so pleasant to the eye as an orange tree laden with its rich golden fruit. And then, too, how delightful it is to the taste. The shriveled, half decayed fruit you see in the fruit stalls does not look like nor taste like the sweet, round, yellow orange which you pluck from the tree with your own hand. The largest and finest flavored orange I have ever seen are here. Many of them from actual experiment weigh over a pound.

And there are a great many young groves just coming into bearing that will soon prove very profitable to the owners. I am told the business yet is in its infancy; that in South Florida it has assumed huge proportions, that hundreds of acres can be seen in one field with trees, and bearing. Lands there, especially on rivers and railroads, have gone up in price out of all reason. And so enthusiastic are the people there on orange culture that they are said to have the orange craze. Such cannot be said of the people here. They are a farming people; they raise almost every thing but wheat, and while the orange is really more profitable than any other production, yet they make it a secondary consideration. Still, more and more atten-

est impression, not even graze the skin. But hold a bit of lint cotton close to it and it immediately seizes the lint and holds on to it until, by the action of the revolution, the cotton off the other way. The power of the machine to discriminate between ripe and unripe bolls is thus clearly demonstrated. It is a grand triumph of "mind over matter." The "Cotton Harvester" will enable the planter to pick every fibre of cotton raised at a trifling expense. Mr. Mason tells me it will gather 2500 pounds in an hour. This would be 2,500 pounds in ten hours equal to the labor of from fourteen to twenty eight cotton pickers at 50 cents to 75 cents per day! Or equal to an expenditure of \$14 for 2,500 pounds at 50 cents per hundred pounds, the usual price this country.

What it will save in the Southwest where the planter pays one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred to the cotton pickers, can not be estimated. For not only is cotton picking expensive in that part of the South, but a great number of pickers are employed for love or money, and a large portion of the crop is left to perish in the field.

Mr. Mason tells me he has an order from Col. Richardson, the largest cotton planter in the South, for several "Harvesters." He (Mason) is importing and simplifying the machine every day. The whole thing only weighs about 300 pounds, and will be still lighter before he perfects it.

I do not believe the colored labor will be all injured by the "Cotton Harvest," and will give my reasons for so saying another time.—*Santer Letter to the Augusta Chronicle.*

ONE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

THE MORRILL SAW SET. MR. EDITOR: I see that we have a chance of petitioning for an additional subscription for the completion of the Savannah Valley Railroad, and I think we, as the owners of real estate, should not lose any time in the work, for if there is anything that Anderson is needing more than anything else, it must be this railroad. Now, brother farmers, I know that there are some of you opposed to building this road by taxation, and I am opposed to building railroads by taxation, but I think this road is an exception. In the first place, we have paid nearly three-fourths of our tax, and should not now lose the road rather than pay the other fourth. None of us deny that it will naturally reduce freights, make a better market, and greatly enhance the value of our property. But this is not half. We have lived long enough to know that one improvement naturally calls for another, and when we get this road we will be almost sure to build a factory, which would be one of the greatest benefits to Anderson and the surrounding country that could occur. If we hesitate and lose time, there will be other railroads built near us, and then if we do build our road it will not do near so much good for us as it will do now. We claim our County to be one of the leading Counties of the State, but if we let such opportunities as this pass we will not be considered so long. I think it is our duty to the rising generation and to our country to improve it, and not lag behind other communities. It is not the man that looks behind that succeeds, but it is the man that looks forward. The South has been looked down upon since the war as being very stupid, but I think we have not had justice, for we have done remarkably well, considering the disasters of the war. We claim to be a growing country, and I think we have just fairly started. The South is almost sure to be the leading portion of the Union in a few years. It is talked of far and near, and this has brought the amount of capital that has been invested in South Carolina in the last few years in factories, &c.

This is our time to advance the interests of Anderson County, and unless we make use of it we will lose by our neglect. I do hope that every owner of real estate will look carefully into this matter and study it thoroughly. The building of this railroad will give us a better market for our timber, our produce—such as corn, fodder, beef, butter, &c.—and we can ship our cotton and wool to market, and save money out of our crops than we can do now. It will pay us well to build the Savannah Valley Railroad.

A FARMER.

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MASON'S COTTON PICKER.

A recent visit to the workshop of Mr. Charles T. Mason, Jr., of this place, convinced me more than ever of the truth of the old adage, "seeing is believing." Before inspecting the "Harvester" myself, I doubted the possibility of any machine being able to discriminate between open bolls of cotton and those unopened, or partially matured. It seemed too much like human reason. But after seeing the machine with the intelligent inventor, and seeing the operation of an "Harvester" with my own eyes, I am satisfied that this machine can do all its best friends ever claimed for it.

The picking portion of Mason's harvester is composed of two cylinders or drums, made of wood and iron, into which are stuck a number of intervals things much resembling corn cobs. These corn cobs are hollow; they are made of sheet brass plates, seven in number, which are soldered together, and are about one inch wide and the length of the cob about eight inches. They are cut into numerous openings and the parts cut are not removed but are slightly inward and the ends sharpened. The things which provide the appearance of a corn cob, presents the appearance of a corn cob, with fine teeth concealed just below the surface. These cobs revolve each on its own axis (a bar of fine steel), and the drums of the drum revolve in opposite directions. The teeth of these tooth-filled cobs, are placed so near that when they (the drums) revolve the cobs pass each other. The machine is driven by a man sitting aloft, like a buggy-plough driver, and drawn by one mule or horse. As the machine rolls along the motion of the right wheel sets all the works going. The cylinder revolves, the cobs, with their depressed teeth, seize the ripe cotton and, by severing themselves, drop it into a brass container either side. An endless band, with wire teeth bent downward, takes up the lint and drops it into bags or baskets hitched on to the back of the "Harvester."

If the revolving cob comes in contact with unopened cotton it revolves harmlessly against the points of the half opened boll. If it brushes against a closed boll, even a leaf, or the most tender of the cotton plant, it does not even touch the surface. You can take the cotton in your hand and revolve it against your coat sleeve, or even against your bare arm, and it will not produce the slightest impression, not even graze the skin. But hold a bit of lint cotton close to it and it immediately seizes the lint and holds on to it until, by the action of the revolution, the cotton off the other way. The power of the machine to discriminate between ripe and unripe bolls is thus clearly demonstrated. It is a grand triumph of "mind over matter." The "Cotton Harvester" will enable the planter to pick every fibre of cotton raised at a trifling expense. Mr. Mason tells me it will gather 2500 pounds in an hour. This would be 2,500 pounds in ten hours equal to the labor of from fourteen to twenty eight cotton pickers at 50 cents to 75 cents per day! Or equal to an expenditure of \$14 for 2,500 pounds at 50 cents per hundred pounds, the usual price this country.

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